1.3.197
a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant
Theodore Cottingham, October 3, 2005 11pm in bed.
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1. Will you be Me? Will you?
Will you be Me for My sake, for your sake, for the sake of many of your brethren?
What are you willing to do, become? Perform not, let.
Let Me/you come through you, the Kingdom of Heaven real into the real-thought to be/seen/perceived/empirical'd as the real real, transcendently real, permanent, after the impermanent passes away, demised at lightspeed, with light, Me. I love you.

2. Think it not strange the resources I provide/bring/place in your hand trustworthy, trustworthy, trustworthy.

3. Think it not strange the infinite-ness of My supply that you now access, unlimitedly, unrestrictedly, unlimiting My people in the process; logged not, documenting all with emotion and graphs and; who will be Me this day?
Who will proclaim My word?
Who will be My word? That they are already. Now just proclaiming reality rather than reality-as-perceived which isn't reality at all; empirical'd shadows.
I love you. I give you Me. And when I give you Me. I mean, I give you Me. I don't give you remote access on occasion, through layers of bureaucracy and hierarchical manners of customs and protocols that ensure every person-thought gets their due-thought.

4. Release Me. Oh release Me and let Me be Me and I will let you be you and the marriage supper of the lamb takes place and demises layers of bureaucracy and customs and protocols that require given to position rather than character and essence of Me, bowing to rings and proper-not imposters who counterfeit My gospel.

5. I am freedom and I am free. I cost everything but require nothing not, I require surrender to My love, placed inside you, before the foundation of the world earth as you know it was framed, axis'd and gravity was established, not of Me. I love you.

6. See into Me for every answer to every question I come up with and let Me give you, so you can know first hand who what why wherefore and all the structures that stricture not My structure, allowing you to structures form/create in My casts-not, but freedom machines of only Me; freedom machines not, freedom yes, freedom'd yes, freedom'd for freedom, yes. Machines not; My blood, My pupils, My flesh and blood and visceral sight not, but given to Me of My spirit freedom'd. I love you.

7. **Amen not, this is only the beginning. You come to Me with a clean slate, a willing pupil, yellow tablets and pen in hand day after day, night after night, getting up with pen and yellow tablets, going to bed with pen and yellow tablets, carrying pens and yellow tablets at all times listening for My every whisper and wanting it desperately; to edit not, protect not, protect not, but caress so caringly and credit Me for all, every word, right and wrong-thought and wondering about.**

8. Thank you, you My willing pupil, who came to Me and told Me not how you would learn of Me, or how you would learn from Me, or when you would learn of/from Me, but let Me take/put you in/through My school of hard knocks not; uproot, tear down, start over from scratch as a child, and now build skyscrapers in the sky, not pie; real reality, real'd by the word of My mouth in your heart/mind, through your pen to My worlds unknown past worlds beyond. I love you.
You My willing pupil, never cease learning.
You never end, you never stop.
You adventure and explore Me forever in classrooms and outer space and inner space and knowing all, release Me into Me to Me others generationally without end.

Thank you, pupil'd one. I love you. You are Me. You entertain Me. You restrict Me not. You let Me go/speak, against/into every thought held and restructure, reinforce, uproot, tear down, replant, remold, and now that you've broken the mold, letting Me pass you around to My people. I love you.

9. Mold on so many of My people, so stagnant, when alive and learning they should/can be; alive and dancing with Me and so many in heavenly realms reserved for Me/them; the chosen who chose/choose Me, in series of series of decisions and decisions that bring Me forth from the grave not, from within to without, from inside to outside, from constricture to freedom. I love you. From temporary to permanent eternal eternal'd. I love you. Amen.

10. Think it not strange **the progressive revelation** progress that brings retaliation from the stagnant who don't want change and see Me not as change-agent, see Me not as the Creator still creating, see Me not as the potter who fashions potters; but see Me as one holy God/event to be **worshipped in statutes.** I love you, them, all. I do. I will. I honor all. Amen.

11. You cannot be touched.
They have no power.
Walk through them.
Amen.
Thank you and smile.
You got it, you have Me.
You are Me.

12. Thank you for putting/placing Me on/in your throne and letting My temple disrepair never again, temple builder. I love you. Building temples not made with hands across time/centuries, time before time, after, and before again after'd. Amen. I love you.

13. I embrace. I lay in you, upon you. I am you. I through you come.

I Am.

Dear